NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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Temperance Department.

THE PITCHER OF COOL WATER.

"It is such a pity," said Mrs. Lee, turning her eyes from the window. A child stood near her looking out upon the road—a small blue-eyed, cherub-like creature, that made you think of a better country than the one we dwell in. A man had just passed, and it was of him the lady spoke when she said "it is such a pity."

"A greater pity for his wife and children," replied Mrs. Lee's sister.

"Oh dear! It's a pity for all of them," said Mrs. Lee, in a troubled voice. "Why doesn't the man drink cool water when he is dry, an dnot pour burning liquor down his throat? The one would refresh and satisfy him, while the other quenches his thirst only for a little while, and makes it stronger when it returns. I've thought, more than once, of meeting him with a cool glass of water as he came by, in the hope that, on drinking it, he would turn back to his shop, and not keep on to Huber's tavern."

"That would be too pointed," said the sister.

"It might do good," Mrs. Lee went on. "Suppose he did feel a little annoyed, he would hardly refuse the cool drink, and that once taken he might not feel so strongly drawn toward Huber's; might, in fact, go back to his work instead of keeping on to the tavern. The next time I saw him coming, I could offer the drink again, and with it a pleasant word. I could ask about his wife and children, and show that I felt an interest in him. I'm sure, sister, good would come of it."

The sister did not feel so hopeful. "It will take more than a glass of ter to satisfy his fiery thirst," she answered. "And then, you know," she added, "that Barclay is easily offended. He would understand just what you meant, I fear, and grow angry and abusive."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Lee. "We're alone here all day, and it would hardly be safe to provoke the anger of a drunken man."

"Not at all safe," was the sister's reply. It's a great pity for him and his family, but something that we can't help."

"I don't believe it would make him angry to offer him a cool drink of water." The child, who had been listening to her mother and aunt, said this quite earnestly.

The two women looked at each other but did not answer the child.

Mr. Barclay was a carpenter, and his shop stood on the road not far distant from the home of Mrs. Lee. He had at one time been very well off, but like too many others, he would take a glass of liquor now and then. This led him into the company of those who visit taverns and ale-houses, and by them he was too often drawn away from his shop or his home. So neglect of business was added to the vice of drinking, and the carpenter's way in the world turned downward instead of upward.

Mr. Barclay had several children. The youngest of these was named Fanny; and she was just four years old. He was very fond of her, and often had struggles with his appetite for liquor on her account. Many times had he gone backward and forward before the tavern door, love for Fanny pleading against love of liquor, urging him to spend the few pennies in his pocket for a toy, or some candies, instead of for beer or spirits. But the dreadful thirst for drink almost always got the mastery. Poor man! He was in a very sorrowful condition.

On the morning after the day on which Mrs. Lee and her sister were talking about him, it happened that Mr. Barclay was without a penny in his purse. What was he to do? Not a single glass of liquor could be had at Huber's tavern, for he was already in debt there, and they had refused to trust him until the old score was paid off. But how was he to go through all that day without a single drink of beer or whiskey? The very thought made his lips feel dry, and quickened his craving thirst.

He opened a bureau drawer to get a handkerchief, when something met his eyes that made him pause with a strange, eager, yet pained expression of face. At first, a light had flashed over his countenance; but this faded out quickly. He stood gazing at the object with an irresolute air, and then shutting the drawer quickly and hard, he turned away and walked to the other side of the room. For some time he remained there quite still, his back to the drawers. A very bitter struggle was going on in his mind. Alas! he was not strong enough for this conflict.

Slowly, step by step, listening as he removed across the room, looking just like a thief, Mr. Barclay returned to the bureau, and opening the drawer he had closed so quickly a little while before, thrust in his hand.

What did he bring forth? I grieve to say it was a little wooden box, only a few inches square; he had made it himself of fine dark wood for his dear little Fanny. There was a small hole cut in the lid, which was fastened on with screws. Fanny's money-box! Yes, even so. It was Fanny's money-box. The pennies were very few that came into the childs hands; but all she had received for many months were in this box. She was saving them to buy a present for her father at Christmas.

A desperate look was in Mr. Barclay's face as he clutched this box. Hurriedly he took from his pocket a small screw-driver, and in a minute or two the lid was off. Half the pennies were emptied into his pocket, and then the lid replaced and the box returned to the drawer.

He had scarcely taken a breath while the box was in his hand. Now he sat down, like one suddenly robbed of strength, and panted. The dark flush went off of his face, and he looked pale and guilty.

"Papa!" It was Fanny herself. The loving child came in and put her arms about his neck. He felt as if clasped in a vice. It was as much as he could do to keep from pushing her with strong arms away.

"Are you sick, papa?" The child had caught a glimpse of his pale, disturbed countenance.

"I don't feel very well," he answered. His voice had so strange a sound to his own ears that it seemed as if some one else were speaking.

"I'm so sorry," and Fanny drew her arms tighter around his neck, kissing him.

This was more than the wretched man could bear. Rising hurriedly, and almost shaking off his child, he left the house and quarter of a mile distant. He did not go to work immediately, but sat down on his bench. He had no heart for work just then.

"Oh, Jim Barclay!" he cried out at last, in a tone of mingled shame and anguish. "That you should come to this!"

He got up and walked about like one bewildered. Just then a man rode up to the door of his shop.

"Is that shutter ready for me?" he asked.

"It will be done to-morrow," answered the carpenter, hardly noticing what was said to him.

"Just what you told me yesterday," said the man, roughly. "The fact is, Jim Barclay," he added, "there's no dependence in you any longer, and I shall take my work somewhere else."

The carpenter was in no mood to bear patiently a hard speech from any one; so he replied as roughly as he had been spoken to, and the customer rode off in anger. Barclay stood looking after him, as he moved down the road, his excitement gradually cooling until the blindness of passion was gone.

"Foolish every way!" he muttered, turning slowly to his work-bench and taking up a plane. "It wasn't so once. No dependence in Jim Barclay."

He was hurt by the accusation. The time was when no mechanic in the neighborhood could be more depended on. If Barclay promised a piece of work, it was sure to be ready. Alas, how changed! He was just as fair in promise now—just as sincere, perhaps, when his work was given—but in performance how slow! He would start in earnest every day, and get on very well, until the desire for liquor grew strong enough to tempt him off to Huber's tavern for a drink. After that, no one could count on him. When he returned to his shop he would be a changed man. Instead of going on steadily with the job he had begun, and finishing it, he would put it aside for something neglected on the day before; work at this for a short time, and then go to something else; at last growing so bewildered that he would drop his tools and go off to the tavern again, often not returning to his shop that day.

Some panels of the unfinished shutter lay on Barclay's work-bench. He took them in

"WON'T YOU HAVE A COOL DRINK, MR. BARCLAY?"

his hands, turned them over, ran his eye along the edges, hesitating what to do. This shutter was not the only job that should have been ready, according to promise, days before. He began to grow worried, just as it had been with him so many times. But where to begin his day's work—which of his neglected customers to serve first, he did not know. His hands were unsteady; a sense of heaviness weighed down his limbs—in body and mind he felt wretched. He thought of Huber's and a refreshing glass. Just one drink, and his shattered nerves would be steadier for the day's work. Then he thought of the pennies in his pocket—the carefully saved treasure of his dear little Fanny, stolen from her that morning; and such shame fell upon his heart that he sat down on his work-bench and groaned in pain.

"I'll get one glass," he said, starting up; "for I must have something to put life into me. The pennies are only borrowed; and I'll return them, two for one."

This thought, that he had only borrowed the pennies, lessened the pain at his heart.

"Just one glass to make me all right." And off he started for the tavern, which stood on the roadside some distance away.

Between the shop and tavern was a pleasant cottage. Mr. Barclay wa nearly opposite this cotttage when ou ra a child, holding in her little hands a small glass pitcher full of water, her golden hair tossing in th wind. Sh was abou Fanny's age and beautiful as a cherub.

"Won't you have a cool drink, Mr. Barclay?" said the child, stopping before him and offering her pitcher, while her earnest, tender eyes, blue as violets, were lifted to his face.

Surprised and startled by this sudden vision of innocence and beauty, Mr. Barclay did not hesitate for an instant, but took the pitcher and drank almost at a single draught every drop of the cool pure water.

"Thank you, my dear!" dropped from his lips, as he handed back the empty vessel; and then he stooped and kissed the child. She did not turn from him and go back into the house, but stood between him and the tavern, gazing up into his face. He took a step forward. The child caught his hand.

"Oh! don't, Mr. Barclay!" she cried eagerly and in such a pleading voice that her tones went further down into his heart than human tones had gone for a long, long time.

"Don't what, little darling?" he asked bending toward her in new surprise.

"Don't go to Huber's any more," answered many seconds just as still as a statue. The child looked at him with a half-scared expression on her countenance, but she kept firmly hold of his hand. Suddenly catching his breath, like one who had been deprived of air, he stooped quickly and touched the child's pure forehead with his lips. He said not a word, but stood up straight again, turned resolutely, and went striding down the road in the direction of his shop.

From the window of the cottage mother and aunt looked on the scene in surprise, half trembling in fear lest this man should do some violence to the child, yet rebuked for their own lack of confidence in the means her simple faith had made so strong for good. The act was her own. They had no hint of her purpose until they saw her crossing the road with the pitcher of water in her hand. Her own act, did I say. Let me lift your thoughts higher, dear children who read this. God's love and pity for the poor drunkard had flowed into the child's heart and moved her to do just what she did. So it was God acting through her; just as He acts through every one of us when we try to do good to others. Think of this. God working through us—making us the agents of His divine purposes—ministers of His loving-kindness—angels of mercy.

Mr. Barclay returned to his shop, took off his coat, and went to work. The cool water, but more the good resolutions the child had awakened in his mind, gave tone and refreshment to body and mind. His nerves, all unstrung when he started for the tavern, were steady now. No tremor ran through his hand as he grasped the chisel, mallet, or plane. He wrought with a sense of pleasure in his work not felt for a long time.

After an hour this feeling began to wear off and the old heaviness and thirst for liquor returned. His thought went to Huber's tavern and the tempting liquor to be had there. But there was something in the way that he could not pass—not fierce lions, such as frightened poor Christian, but a pure and innocent child. He felt sure that when she saw him coming along the road she would meet him with her sweet pleading face and pitcher of water, and that to pass by would be impossible.

"Go around by the old mill," said a tempting spirit in his thought, "and the child will not see you."

He hearkened for a moment to this suggestion, and then, with an almost angry tone, as if rebuking the tempter, said:

"No! no! no! God's angel met me in an evil path and turned me back. I will not go round by any other way."

There was a spring not far from his shop. He drank freely at this, and, then refreshed, took up his work again. How clear his mind was! clearer than it had been for a long time. Like a beautiful picture, framed in his thought and holding his gaze with a kind of fascination, was the image of that lovely child meeting him in the road and offering her pitcher of cool water. It was perpetually before him, and the longer he looked upon it, the softer his heart became, and the stronger his good resolutions.

For the first time in months—it might almost be said years—Mr. Barclay came home that evening clothed with sobriety and in his right mind. What a great throb of joy his pulse gave as he saw the look of happy surprise in his poor wife's face, and felt the delight of dear little Fanny's heart as she sprang into his arms and hugged him in a way that told what a new gladness was in her soul! Not until he had, unseen by any one, returned the pennies to her box, did a red spot of shame fade off from his manly cheeks.

Mr. Barclay was never seen in Huber's tavern again, nor in any other tavern.

"If," he said to a friend, years afterward, in referring to this period of his life, "the old desire came back, and my thought went off toward Huber's tavern, it never got past the white cottage, for out from its porch I would always see coming to meet me, pitcher in hand, that heaven-sent angel-child, and to have passed her would have been impossible."—*Band of Hope Review.*

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE MAINE LAW.

BY THE HON. NEAL DOW.

The people of Maine are all agreed in this, that the State has suffered less during this financial crisis than any other part of the country. All our business men say that this is so, and has been so from the beginning, while few of them have thought of the reason of it. Trade has been dull in Maine, as it has been in other parts of the country and throughout the world; but there have been by far fewer failures here among business men, in proportion to their numbers than in any other State, and the masses of the people have suffered less from lack of employment than the same classes in other parts of the country. There must be a cause for this comparative exemption from [illegible] Mr. Young, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, said, a year or two ago, that the expenditure for intoxicating drinks in the United States was six hundred millions a year. Now it has always been an axiom among temperance men that for every dollar spent in strong drinks another dollar is lost and wasted by lost time, misdirected industry, and by the thousand modes of strip and waste by drinking men. The great employers of labor in England say that in consequence of the drink trade there—amounting in 1875 to £143,000,000 or $715,000,000—the industrial products of the country are one-third less than they otherwise would be.

Twelve hundred millions of dollars divided among forty millions of people will give thirty dollars to each; and that sum may fairly be regarded as lost and wasted to the country through the liquor traffic, because the article received in exchange for the money is of no value whatever, at the same time that it entails upon the community a vast expenditure in the way of poverty, pauperism, insanity, and crime. I know it has been objected that the whole of this sum is not an absolute loss, because a part of it is payment for labor and another part in payment for the materials from which the intoxicants are made, and goes into the pockets of farmers and those who are engaged in the business of transportation. But the whole amount is an absolute loss to the country, precisely in the same way that the great conflagrations of Portland, Chicago, and Boston were a loss to the full value of the property destroyed, though the money which it cost went into the pockets of the mechanics and laborers who furnished brain and muscle, and of the various trades that supplied the material.

Maine has about seven hundred thousand people, and in the old rum time there was as much liquor consumed in the State in proportion to the population as in any other part of the country. Now the proportion of expenditure for Maine—of the twelve hundred millions—would be twenty-one millions of dollars. But in fact there is not a tenth part of that sum expended for strong drinks in the State, and the difference between the twenty-one millions and the two or three millions we have in our pockets and in our business and in accumulated capital.

The course of this economy is precisely the same in a community on a large scale as in the case of an individual on a small scale. I have many tenants, and my experience in this way has been extensive and has continued through many years. I have had abundant opportunity to see how it is and why it is that the suppression of the liquor traffic is in the highest interest of domestic and political economy. And all my experience and observation have uniformly led to the same conclusion, with no single case of exception or doubt—viz., that the liquor traffic tends directly and inevitably to the waste of individual property and resources, in which the national wealth consists.

I have many tenants whose course of life illustrates perfectly the point which I wish to establish. I will cite the case of one of them, as a fair sample of several others. He was formerly a drinking man—not a drunkard, so-called, but a good fellow, who liked a "good time" occasionally (even with the cracking headache next day), and consequently was sometimes off his work and gave a good deal of annoyance to his employer. He was in a good way of living, and might have had everything comfortable and nice and handsome about him. His young wife was a fine-looking woman, but there was a constant expression of anxious care in her face, and her dress and housekeeping bore unmistakable testimony to the fact that all her husband's wages did not come into the family, to provide for the common wants.

There was difficulty in obtaining the rent. It was never punctually paid and often the employer was obliged to pay it and stop the amount out of the wages, and everything was untidy and at sixes and sevens about the house. The furniture was scanty and poor and out of order and out of repair. While matters were in this condition the liquor traffic was put under the ban of the law, and the grog-shops were mostly suppressed, and the few which continued to run were driven into dark and secret places. The temptation was put out of the way; so that much time and trouble, as well as money, were required to obtain drink. My tenant became very soon a sober man, steady in his place and trusted in important matters by his employer. He came regularly and punctually to pay his rent; so that I had no occasion to visit the house for many months, and when I did so I found everything changed. Neatness and regularity had taken the place of disorder; the wife's dress was tidy and nice and her face lighted up with smiles; there was new furniture and everything was in good condition.

Now precisely this change has taken place in Maine in many, many thousands of cases; and the evidences of it are to be seen all over the State, in improved dwellings and improved farms and in nice and tidy farm-buildings, in place of the shabby and neglected ones which were to be seen everywhere in the old rum time. The suppression of the liquor traffic has been followed by a steady and constant improvement in the condition of the people in every part of the State. Pretty country churches and nice country school-houses have taken the place of the poor and shabby ones of the old rum time; and old hats and old petticoats are no longer seen supplying the lack of glass in the windows of ruinous old dwellings. And farmers and workingmen no longer gather at the country grocery, spending their time, money, and health; because these groceries everywhere through the State are now free from the pollution and curse of the liquor traffic. No one who knew what Maine was in the old rum time and knows what it has been since and down to this day can fail to see the wonderful change for the better which has taken place in the condition of the people. Everywhere through the State the evidences of this are obvious and innumerable.

Some time since I saw two nice dwelling-houses in one block going up. I passed the place often, and noticed the progress of the work. By and by the roof was in place and the plasterers had finished their task. One day, as I was going by, I saw a carpenter busy about the place, one whom I had formerly known as a drinking-man. I supposed he was employed about the work, and asked him whose the houses were?

"They are mine," said he. "Won't you come in and look at them?"

I did so gladly, and with evident pride he showed me all over them, from cellar to attic, and explained to me the way in which he was to arrange it for himself to live in. The other he was to sell or let.

"And so these are yours?" I said.

"Yes, and all paid for. I shall not owe a dollar upon them."

"Ah! you couldn't have done this if you'd spent your money for rum."

"That's true. I've built a house for myself and family, instead of wasting my wages in a base and brutal gratification."

I might multiply these cases to almost any extent, demonstrating that the suppression of the liquor traffic is a most triumphant experiment in domestic and political economy.

In walking along a street in an English town, two workingmen were just in front of me, talking in a free tone. They came opposite "a public," and one of them said: "Come in and let's have a drink."

"No, I don't drink."

"Why, when I've had a glass or two I feel strong enough to knock a house down."

"In consequence of not drinking, I've been able to knock two houses up," the other replied.—*N. Y Independent.*

LYING SPIRITS.

At a recent meeting of the Alliance in London, Dr. Richardson said: In meeting this very difficult question of the putting down of intoxicating drinks, we are dealing, in fact, with a superstition not surpassed by that great superstition of the Juggernaut, the car of which rolled over its victims and mercilessly broke them into pieces wherever it travelled. As I go about teaching the doctrine of temperance, it is wonderful to see how this superstition produces false impressions. It is as though there were a lying spirit in the universe which instilled itself most artfully into the most innocent minds in opposition to our work. Not many days ago, at a comparatively large meeting, the name of a very distinguished advocate of temperance and of total abstinence was mentioned in this way; it was said of him, "Ah, poor fellow, he became a total abstainer because he was driven to it. He could not help himself. He was so given to intoxicants that at one time of his life there was no step for him between total abstinence and death from intoxication." "Well," I said to the person who made this observation, "do you know that individual?" "No," he said, "I do not." "Well," I replied, "I do, and I know this of him—and I wish I could say it of all who have come into the temperance movement, for then we should be a much stronger body than we are—that he was the son of a great advocate of temperance, and that in the whole course of his life he has never taken a drop of intoxicating liquor." A similar instance occurred to me not long ago. The name of a very earnest and learned advocate of our cause was mentioned by a gentleman to me, who said it was a pity he abstained from intoxicating drinks, and especially so that he expelled them from his table, because his family were badly influenced by that proceeding. His sons, being determined to set their father at defiance, were drinking on the sly, because they objected to this exercise of the paternal authority." "Well," I said to my informer, "that is a very curious case, because it was only a little time back that a father and mother who were heart-broken because their son who was pursuing wild courses had learned to drink moderately at their table, and they said, 'If we had only had the courage when the boy was young to drive the strong drink from our tables, perchance he never would have tasted it at all, and all this difficulty would have been solved.' So," I said, "you see there is a counter-argument to your argument, but tell me the name of this gentleman." The name was mentioned, and I asked, "Do you know him?" "Not intimately, but he has two sons, both of whom are going wrong." I hadn't much difficulty in discovering the history of this gentleman, and found as a primary fact that he never had any sons at all. He had two daughters, who were well married, and so he had sons-in-law, both of whom were extremely temperate men, and against whom no such breath could be justly urged. A day or two ago I received a letter from a gentleman I met, I believe on my recent tour in Ireland—and he said, "Your arguments are wanting in practical value, for this reason—that although you are nominally a physician you do not practice, and therefore are unaware of the practical difficulties that are in the way of inducing the people to abstain from strong drink." Well, I was obliged to respond to that "lying spirit" again by intimating that all my life I had been in practice, and that, unfortunately for me, I had no other means of gaining a living except my practice, and that on this one particular question as to the possibility of giving up strong drink, that was the question which in my practice came before me more frequently than any other.—*Alliance News.*

—We read in the London correspondence of the *Liverpool Mercury* that the writer "never knows which to admire more, the wealth or the piety of the gentlemen engaged in the liquor trade. Here in London some of our biggest brewers are also our most burning and shining lights at Exeter Hall; but we are far behind Dublin. No Barclay or Buxton has done for St. Paul's what Sir Benjamin Guinness, the porter brewer, did some years ago for St. Patrick's Cathedral; and what Mr. Rowe, the distiller, has just done for Christ Church. The latter magnate is actually spending £4,000 of the money which he has derived from the intoxication of his fellow-townsmen in producing a most elaborate book about Christ Church. Only a few copies are to be printed—say only one for every ten thousand glasses of gin which have been drunk."—*Alliance News.*

Agricultural Department.

WHO SHOULD KEEP BEES?

Our answer would be. Every one who is at the head of the family should keep at least a few colonies of bees, enough to give them all the honey wanted for table use. There can be no greater luxury, and its great medicinal qualities should make it a favorite in every family. Yet how few there are among the great masses who keep bees. What our people want is light upon the subject, to learn that they can keep a few colonies just as well as not. As honey can be used instead of sugar, in nearly every case, for sweetening purposes, and as it can be produced at three hundred per cent. less than sugar, is it not time that we were giving the subject more attention? Look at the amount of labor, capital and costly machinery it takes to produce even the commonest kind of sugar. We will say right here, and without fear of successful contradiction, that one-tenth of that amount of capital invested in apiculture would net the owner five hundred per cent. more than he gets from the very many thousands he has invested in the production of sugar.

We are not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but if we were, we would predict that the day was coming, and not in the distant future, either, when the producers of honey will put upon the market a sugar made from honey, the equal if not the superior of any sugar now sold in our markets, and that, too, at one half less price than sugars are now sold at, and yet afford the producers a large profit.

Should the recent European demand for our honey continue, that day may be delayed for years. Look, if you please, at the costly expenditures that have been made to manufacture sugar from beets, corn, etc. One of these days some chemist will notice the hitherto unthought of creature of nature, the little silent, budding and blooming flower, laden with nature's choicest saccharine matter, beckoning, nodding and swaying in the gentle breeze as much as to say to the chemist: It is I you are looking for. Why look farther when I and my fellows can give you, and that, too, free as mountain air, all the sugar and honey the whole world can consume? And methinks I hear the whispering flower say, Look at that little busy bee, see how it takes what God in his goodness has deposited with me for the benefit of man. I am but fulfiling the end of my creation in handing over the stores that God has so kindly lavished upon me. Go you to the bee and make him share with you, for he was not created in vain and has a mission to perform. The bees take the honey from the flowers; we in turn should take the honey from the bees. In this case nature has given us a lesson that we should ponder well. Nature is depositing daily in the flowers a fresh supply, and if there are not enough bees to gather it, it is evaporated by the heat of the noon-day sun, and as sure and constant as the bee takes the honey from the flowers so should we take the honey from the bees. We have but to follow nature's teachings in the management of the little busy bee. They in turn will soon give us ample proof of their ability to gather and store an immense amount of honey annually to the colony.

But there are others who should keep bees, and more especially those who have but little or no capital to do business on. And while all the different industries of the country seem to be filled with producers and their combined production exceeds the demands for them, the result is there are hundreds and thousands out of employment, and the question with them now is what can they engage in to get a living profit upon their investments and productions? We would say to you, turn your attention to bee culture, here is an enterprise that you can engage in with safety, and if you will follow our printed directions and instructions you will succeed. You can engage in this business on but little capital, and in addition to that you may have at least some knowledge of the honey bee. With that you want a large amount of energy and a determination to succeed in your new enterprise. With these acquirements you can very safely count on getting an average of at least forty dollars, cash, annually, from every good colony of bees that you keep. The apiculturist has no rents or pasture to pay for, and his little pets work constantly for him and board themselves. There are, to-day, scattered all over this great country of ours hundreds and thousands of both men and women who have had reverses in business, and to-day they have all they can do to keep the wolf from their door. Our advice to you would be, turn your attention to bee culture and you will soon be yourself again. In this enterprise the women, too, have an equal chance with men. They make the better bee-keepers of the two, but, says one, is there not danger of overstocking the country? We would say in reply that we have not been able to do it, yet twenty-five years ago, when our people in nearly every section of the country commenced to set out extensive fruit farms, these same alarmists everywhere began simultaneously to cry out, You will soon be cutting those trees down, as apples won't be worth four cents a bushel. Instead of these predictions being fulfilled our fruit-growers are getting remunerating prices for all they can raise, and to-day the demand far exceeds the production. The same may be said of honey twenty years ago. Apiculture was but in its infancy, and the apiarians of that day could almost be counted on the finger ends, and honey selling at from five to ten cents a pound, and not in money at that. From that time to the present, bee-keepers have been increasing annually by the multiplied thousand, and to-day they may be numbered by thousands, whose annual production is from one to one hundred tons of honey.

About one year ago, Mr. Harbison shipped of his own production, and that, too, by the same train, one hundred tons of honey from California to New York. At the same time hundreds of tons were pouring into the New York markets from the different sections of our great country, and yet that immense amount of honey did not break the market, and to-day the apiarians' future prospects never looked more bright and flattering. What we more particularly refer to in this connection is the very great European demand for our extracted white clover and bass-wood honey the past season. And to-day that demand is increasing, and is likely to do so, for wherever our white clover and basswood honey has been introduced abroad, it is conceded to be of a better quality and a much finer flavor, and does excel any honey that has ever been sold in their markets, and the demand for this honey far exceeds the supply. There are purchasers in New York city who are advertising for extracted white clover and basswood honey, and are buying all they can get, for which they are paying twenty-two cents a pound cash, and they like it all the better if it is candied. This is certainly very encouraging news to the bee-keepers. Twenty-two cents a pound for extracted honey is equal to fifty cents a pound for honey in the comb. Now let us look a little farther. A good colony of bees can very easily gather two hundred pounds of honey in one season alone from white clover, and if they have the advantages of basswoods, that will give them another hundred pounds. In our opinion there is honey gathered from many flowers that are fully equal to basswood or white clover honey. In some portions of the south they have what is called sour wood honey. We do think that this honey can not be excelled, and only wants to be better known to be appreciated. In other portions of the south they have what is known as Ty Ty honey. It is said to be very fine and of superior quality and flavor. Had we the space we could refer you to very excellent honey gathered from many flowers not here mentioned. And now let us say in conclusion, does not agriculture have a hopeful and bright look for the future? Are we not warranted in calling the attention of our people to this subject and urging it upon those who have but little capital to at least give it a little investigation?—*N. C. Mitchell in Indiana Farmer.*

FRUIT CELLARS.

The importance to every fruit cultivator of a suitable place in which to store the products of his orchards late in the autumn and during the winter is strangely overlooked. No farmer's establishment can be satisfactory without a fruit cellar, and this is specially the case if large quantities of apples, pears, or grapes are among the products of the farm. The ordinary cellars under dwellings do not meet the want, as they are usually not adapted to preserve fruit, except for a month or two after harvest. They often do not protect from frost, or they are damp and without means of ventilation, and fruit soon decays. To keep fruit several conditions are important. First, the atmosphere of a fruit room should be dry; there should be no more dampness than ordinarily exists in the cold outside air. The room should be susceptible of ventilation in proper weather, not by direct currents of air, but by air modified before it reaches the fruit. A fruit room must be frost-proof; it must be cleanly and accessible. As regards location, it may be placed on a side hill, the excavation opening to the south; or it may be placed under a barn or stable, or other convenient outbuilding. It is not well to store large quantities of fruit in rooms under dwellings, even if they are adapted to the keeping of the fruit. The hygiene of families must not be jeopardized by the possibility of evil results arising from the decay or fermentation of vegetables in rooms under family apartments.

Ten years ago we constructed a fruit cellar under our stable, and it has proved so satisfactory that we venture to give a brief description of it. The division walls are constructed of brick, and the apartments are two in number, an outer and an inner room. The outer room is but partly underground, and is ten by twelve feet in area and eight feet high. The inner room is wholly underground, and frost-proof; it has four brick walls and a cemented floor. In this room the fruit is stored early in December, when the weather becomes cold. The outer room holds the fruit during the autumn months after it is gathered, and it is cool, well lighted, and dry. The windows are left open and a free circulation of air allowed so long as no danger from frost exists. When the fruit is taken to the inner room, the door is closed and no light admitted. Ventilation is secured in moderate weather by opening the inner door and throwing down a window in the outer room. In this cellar we kept apples of last season's growth until the present winter in perfect condition. Some of these apples, exhibited at the autumn agricultural fairs, were pronounced as fresh as those of the past season's growth.

Apples stored in this cellar which would bring only one dollar a barrel at the time of gathering we sold last spring and summer at three dollars, without picking over. The profits of a good fruit cellar are greater than anything connected with farm arrangements.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

PRESERVING FENCE POSTS.—The *Journal of Forestry* gives some excellent instructions on this subject. It is important that the posts be very thoroughly seasoned before external paints are applied, otherwise the moisture will be confined and increase the decay. It is therefore important to season the posts as rapidly as practicable after they are cut, in an exposed, windy place. Coating them with coal tar is especially recommended. The acid in the tar is to be destroyed with fresh quicklime, and the tar thoroughly boiled to evaporate all the water. Apply it to the posts while hot. The recommendation of that journal to char the posts we cannot endorse, as the charred part will be made weaker, and will not exclude water from the inside. A thick coat of well-applied gas-tar would be far better. But baking the wood so as to turn it slightly brown, would not render it weaker, and would give it some of the durable properties of charcoal; and if the coal tar is then applied the preparation will be nearly perfect. It must be remembered that coal tar does not do well on wood above ground, exposed to sun and weather. A copious application of crude petroleum is the thing for such exposed surfaces.

SHEEP FOR MUTTON.—Let the farmer begin with an intelligent determination to produce lamb and mutton that shall, at all times, tempt the appetite as well as satisfy it, besides furnishing an article of food than which no other is better adapted to nutrition, and he may be sure that he is already on the right road and can make no mistake. He cannot make palatable mutton for the table of consumers any more without taking pains, than he can make appetizing beef and bacon. The right breed and the right feed are all there is to it. First get real mutton sheep and then give feed that makes mutton that will be eagerly eaten. Their food is their mainstay, almost as much the stock in trade for the farmer as the sheep itself. A sheep will not thrive on next to nothing, though it may, for a time, live on it. To make first rate mutton, from head to haunch, which every farmer worthy of the name should aim to do, the animal must have good care and good food.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.—There is use in beauty. It makes home attractive, its exterior more respectable, our lives happier, our dispositions sweeter, and our social and domestic intercourse more refined. By all means plant some little thing of grace to temper the rugged surroundings of the front yard. Its silent, though eloquent language, will speak to the visitor or the passer-by a word of eulogy for you. The least flower or shrub will be some attraction; a curved path winding between trees to the house, a mound of stones and shells with the ivy trailing over them, the flowering shrub or the turf of fern—all such things are attractive, and form a pleasing object for the eye of even the most indifferent beholder.—*Rural Messenger.*

— S. L. Lyle, of Montgomery County, Pa., gives his experience on this subject in the Germantown *Telegraph* as follows: "About five years ago I set out four hundred pear trees, the orchard being rolling ground, south-east exposure. To prevent washing, I terraced about one-half of the ground and planted two hundred trees in sod. The part occupied by the other two hundred trees I used as a truck-patch, keeping the trees under clean cultivation. The trees planted were of the same varieties on each patch. The result at the present time is as follows: Those planted in grass lose by blight five per cent., balance being in healthy condition; those planted in clean soil lose fifty per cent. by blight, balance in unhealthy condition. Put me down on the list with those in favor of grass for pear culture."

DOMESTIC.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD ART.

BY ALICE M. WEST.

I wish I might say something to encourage the women whose purses are short and whose leisure hours are few, but who nevertheless are full of desire to make their homes charming, attractive, and truly homelike. If such a one is willing to exercise a little ingenuity and skill they may make their home very pleasant at very slight expense. There are a thousand pretty devices to be made in odd minutes out of inexpensive material which add wonderfully to the appearance of a home, and give it an aspect of feminine taste and skill pleasant to see. Moreover, such work is in itself so fascinating that as the delicate shapes and tints grow beneath the touch one feels themselves fully repaid for the effort by the pleasure received in the work, even if the pretty lamp mat, sofa cushion or chair cover, would not claim also as it does the additional beauty of usefulness.

Even the lack of furniture may be in part supplied by articles of domestic manufacture. Get your husband or some one else to make you a frame for a sofa, stuff the top with straw to give it a rounded appearance, and cover smoothly and nicely, add a couple of large square sofa pillows covered with the same material as the sofa, and ornamented with cord and tassels and you will have a lounge quite as comfortable and convenient as anything you could buy. Your old square-topped stand you can convert into a pretty centre table by sawing boards to form a round top for it which a few screws will fasten securely in place, and staining or painting to match the bottom, any deficiencies will be concealed by a cover of crimson or green flannel, ornamented with a border of chain stitching and finished by a worsted fringe.

In one corner of your room between door and window is just the place for the book shelves; these, together with some shelves for the window on which to place house plants, may be made of pine, stained with a solution of burnt umber and white lead mixed with boiled linseed oil, and supported on iron brackets; the edges of the shelves you can adorn if you like with lambrequins of black cloth cut in points and ornamented with appliqué work or bits of bright velvet cut in fanciful shapes and stitched on with silk of contrasting color. Under the book shelves hang a large cornucopia made of pasteboard covered with plain brown or black paper, an inch wide band of gilt paper pasted around the top and a round or oval picture on the front.

Old boxes, their covers fastened on with leather hinges, cushioned and covered with pretty material, make nice seats to place under the windows or in the warm corner back of the stove, and at the same time furnish wonderfully convenient receptacles for patterns, work, the children's toys, and all sorts of odds and ends for which there seems to be no other place. Do not allow your walls to remain bare and unadorned for lack of pictures. Cut the most suggestive ones from your magazines, provide them with a mat, a back of strong pasteboard and a glass, then bind them with strips of morocco, paper, or common cambric, black or drab; before binding, however, make a little slit in the cardboard, on each side, one-third the height of the picture from the top, and fasten a button ring on the back at this point by running a stripe of tap through the ring, then inserting the ends of the tape through the slit, and fastening them firmly with glue on the inside of the pasteboard. When all is firm and dry fasten the cord by which your picture is to be hung to the rings.

If your mantel is defaced and looks badly cover it smoothly with rep, or enameled cloth to match the furnishing of the room, and tack fringe around the edge. If you have no mantel, saw a shelf out of a piece of board, rounding the front corners, support on iron brackets, and cover as above. On each end of the mantel place a vase filled with pressed ferns, and between them a clock, plaster cast, or any similar object.

A pretty coral basket to hang in the window, or brighten a dark corner, is made of hoops, with the webbing left on, tied together in any graceful shape. After the basket is formed, tie on here and there grape stems or bits of cord twisted slightly. Have ready a mass of melted beeswax and rosin, equal parts, colored scarlet with vermilion, and with a spoon dip it over every part of the basket until all is covered. When cold and hardened line the basket with the gray moss found on rocks, pressing the moss through the openings so as to hold it in place, and place inside, suspending the whole by scarlet cords, a tin can filled with water in which branches of Wandering Jew are growing. If your treatment has been skilful you will be pleased with the result,—*Household.*

RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"I shall soon have another little sum to put in the bank, I see, and what is better, plenty to help these poor little orphans with. What a grand thing it is being teetotalers! Well, after all, it's only giving back to God what He has blessed us with," said honest John, as he took a sovereign from the gold and silver and returned the bag to its hiding-place.

"Good-bye, wife—I'll be back soon," and seizing his hat John was hurrying off, when Mrs. Burton stopped him.

"Not so fast, John dear—what art thou thinking of? Out into the cold air on a night like this, in your slippers only, and no great-coat! John, John, are you in your senses?" So saying, with a kindly smile and loving hands the good wife brought him his boots, helped him on with his coat, then with the aid of a footstool on which she stood, to bring her nearer to the height of her great, tall husband, half throttled him with a huge red comforter, which she twisted round his throat; then pushing him to the door desired him to be very quick home again. "This house is a palace when you are in it, John, but a dreary little place when you're out—so don't be too long."

"Trust me for that, my wife;" and through the doorway which she held open he quickly passed.

"Stay, John, stay!" she cried. "A couple of pair of good, coarse, strong blankets would be a good thing. I should not like quite," she said hesitatingly, "to give them those others—at all events not yet awhile." John nodded and strode away.

After she had closed the door, the kind good woman went and looked for some time at the two sleeping children; then turning hastily away, with the tears standing in her kind, motherly eyes, she looked long and lovingly at three little pictures on the wall—two dark-haired girls and a sturdy boy; then kneeling down, asked for a blessing on the little ones sent to them that day, and for guidance from above to bring them up aright. When she rose from her knees, Tag was sitting on the rug staring with all his large eyes, first at her, and then round the room.

"Where is the 'kind 'un;' has he gone an' left us here?"

"Who, my child?" she asked tenderly.

"Him as is kind to us. The 'kind 'un' we calls him."

"He will be back soon, don't be afraid; it won't be long before you see him again."

"Who was you a-speakin' to an' askin' so hard of? I was afeard you were a-beggin' of one of the 'dreadfuls' who had com'd for us."

"No, dear, there are no 'dreadfuls' here, except me, and the pussy over there; and we are not 'dreadfuls,' are we?"

"Oh no, mam; but"—after a moment's pause—"please who wos you a-talkin' to?"

"To your Father in heaven, Tag," she replied gravely.

"To—my father—in heaven?" repeated Tag, very slowly. "To my father—in—heaven?" and he looked at Mrs. Burton wonderingly, and shook his head.

"Don't you know that God is your father, my poor boy? Where have you lived all your life?"

"Mother did use sometimes to talk of God in heaven, who'd take care o' Rag and me if we was good; but that was long, long ago, an' I'd a'most forgotten; and we've been so bad He'll have forgotten us. But, please, mam, I'm too sleepy to talk. I *am* glad it ain't the 'dreadfuls' com'd for her and me"—and with a deep sigh of relief Tag lay down again and was soon as fast asleep as before. Seeing this, Mrs. Burton left the room, and went upstairs into a little room with a sloping roof. For fully five minutes she stood in front of a large chest; then slowly opening it, sat on a chair, as though what she wished to do was almost too great an effort for her. Presently rousing herself, she bent down and took out hurriedly several parcels; selecting one, she carefully unfastened the fine white handkerchief wrapped around it, and from amongst the dried bunches of lavender in which they lay, drew out, one by one, clothes sufficient for little Rag; then turning back to the chest, took out some more little bundles, and selecting from each, soon had such a suit for Tag as he, poor child, had never possessed before.

It was an effort indeed to poor Mrs. Burton, for they were the clothes of the children she had so dearly loved, and whose likenesses were on the walls downstairs; and none but One ever knew what it cost her to make up her mind to bring out these treasures of the past, for the poor little waifs and strays now under her roof.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

For some time John Burton kept a very strict watch over the children; without their knowing it, he always had his eye upon them. After their early training and bringing up, he felt and knew it was impossible in a day, a week, or even months, to eradicate all the evil they had been taught, and taught to think so lightly of. Rag he left under his wife's care—and very useful and handy she was; but Tag he kept beside him in the large warehouse, and taught him how to do up parcels neatly and quickly, and to stow them neatly away until wanted; also to go messages for him from one room to the other, help in loading and unloading the drays, &c. Tag enjoyed his new life very much—more than Rag did hers. At first the novelty of everything, the nice clothes, the cleanliness, good food, and comfortable house over her head, made her feel very happy, and quite aware of her good fortune in getting into such quarters; but after a time the sameness of her life wearied her. Mrs. Burton not being strong seldom went out, and when she did, as a rule she locked the door on the child and left her alone in the house. In the evening John Burton was too tired to do more than sometimes read to the children, ask them questions, or in some quiet way endeavor to amuse them. At one time he tried to teach them to read, and Mrs. Burton bought two copy-books and pens, and did all she could to help them to write; but neither of them being very good scholars and their pupils not very apt, this soon fell through; instead the large family Bible was brought out, and the half-hour before the children's bed-time was spent in John and his wife reading by turns straight through the Gospel of St. Luke, and now and then singing hymns; the hymns were what the children most enjoyed. Four weeks had passed away, and a great change had been made in that time in Rag and Tag's appearance. Their cheeks had filled out, the bruises had almost entirely disappeared from their poor little bodies; and with their hair tidy, and clean, and their warm, comfortable clothing, you would with difficulty have recognized them for our little Rag and Tag of the cellar. Every Sunday the children had seen John and his wife appear in their best clothes and go off to church; they had heard the lock turn in the door, seen from the window John put the key in his pocket, watched them with longing eyes turn out of the little court into the street, and then sat down at the table before the comfortable fire to look at the large book of pictures, which Mr. and Mrs. Burton only allowed them to see on this day. It was Kitto's Pictorial Bible—and Rag and Tag are not the first children who have spent several happy hours on Sundays in looking over the interesting pictures therein.

I think myself it was a mistake of good John and his wife, not letting the children go with them to church; but they were people who had their own ideas on particular subjects, and held very strongly to them. They both thought Rag and Tag would take far more interest and pleasure in going to the House of God if it was promised that after a certain time they should go, when they had proved and trusted them, and had seen what manner of children they were growing. Not only did they think that by this promise they were encouraging Rag and Tag to become better children, but, if the truth must be told, Mrs Burton hoped that time would, as it passed on, put some of their naughty tricks out

THE BROKEN PLATE.

of their heads. "Only think," said she one night to her husband, "what we should do, were we to see Tag picking somebody's pocket, or standing on his head at the sound of the organ! I should not be so much afraid of taking Rag; but really, John, putting everything else on one side, we must wait until Tag's hair has grown a bit more respectable-looking; he has for all the world the exact appearance of a young convict now."

The children, left by themselves, wearied after a time of looking at the pictures and of trying to make out what they meant.

"Oh dear me, Tag! I wish as there were some little children here," suddenly exclaimed Rag.

"Why?" asked her brother.

"Don't you see, Tag," she answered, in her old-fashioned way, "it's all very well for you who are with the master all day, and busy, and sees sights of faces; but I sees none but the missis, an' I do feel lonesome at times. Now if there was a babby to carry about, iver such a little one, an' I could take him out into the air an' get a walk up an' down, I'd like it ever so bad."

"I never thought of that, Rag; I wish as they would let you out nows and thens. They are so kind, let's ask 'em to take us out to-night. I think we're good enough by now—we don't steal no more, an' we always says what's true, 'cept nows an' thens when it's werry ill-convenient."

"Oh, I always speaks truth now, Tag," said Rag; "an' you should too—else you'll niver get to church."

"I wouldn't say anythin' but truth to the master an' missis, leastways I think not," pondered Tag; "'cept when Isaac, the crooked-legged fat boy who sweeps out some rooms whilst I'm sweeping t'others, told me his father was quite a genelman—he wore a black coat and white ties, an' carried in gran' dinners to gran' people, in a house a'most as large as the Queen's—an' was puffing an' going on about this ever so, an' then asked if mine wasn't an ole beggar with a bag on his back——"

"How werry imperent some boys are! An' what did you say?"

"That my father wor dead now, but that he used to wear a cocked-up hat an' feathers, an' gran' coat an' buttons an' gold, an' a long stick in his hand, an' stand behind the Queen's carriage—he didn't puff any more after that!"

"I should think not," laughed Rag. "You were werry sharp, Tag."

"D'ye think I wos too sharp, Rag? I'm not sartain sure as I wos quite right. I wouldn't have said it afore the master—not for nothin,' I wouldn't."

"It's righter to tell truth, but it's quite right to tell lies on 'casions of that sort; that's what I think, Tag; an' it's the most comfor'ble way of thinking. Oh, wouldn't I like a little walk out! D'ye remember the way we came, Tag? Could you iver find your way back to 'the dreadfuls' if you wanted?"

"I shouldn't want, Rag. But I b'lieve I could find my way there after a bit."

"Tag, I'll just mention one thing which makes me a lill' bit unhappy—an' not a lill' bit either, but a good big bit."

"Eh, what?" and Tag looked rather startled. "You've not been an' lost lill' l'elfent!"

"No, he's here," and Rag drew the mutilated little toy a tiny way out of her pocket.

"He's smaller, I think, Rag; there don't seem quite as much of him as there was when you com'd here," remarked Tag, gravely, after peering down upon him for a second or two.

"The truth is," whispered Rag, "I did squeeze him werry hard by mistake a day or two ago, an' his last leg com'd off. I wish you hadn't a-noticed it," she added, half crying; "but I've got it safe, an' we'll stick it on some day."

"Then if it's not lill' l'elfent as makes you sorry, what is it then? We should be werry happy here; we are warm, an' we gets plenty to eat, and they are kind an' good to us, an' we're together, lill' un, which is bestest of all."

"Yes, that's the bestest part, isn't it?" laughed Rag, gently. "I couldn't iver get on without you, lill' Tag, niver, no ways; but it's the thought of that lill' sick gel an' her orangers, which she niver got, all along of 'the dreadfuls,' and our running away, that's always making me feel unhappy; for if iver I promised hard in my life I did promise that man, and right inside myself as well, that I would get two orangers for his poor lill' child."

"Oh, don't fret about it, Rag; we'll manage that, you an' I; we've more than two pennies saved away. We've got the big shillin' still, an' we'll ask leave to-morrow to go out, an' we'll buy two oranges an' take them to the lill' ill one. I'll find the way, no fear; t'will be iver so nice a lill' outing for us."

Comforting and delighting themselves with this, and talking about it as they spread the cloth and got dinner ready for John and his wife, the time soon passed, and when the key turned in the door, and the kindly good people entered, the two children were looking—as Mrs. Burton remarked—"for all the world as bright as a new sixpence."

"And I'm not surprised either, for when people do right they must always feel right," she continued; "and just see, John dear, how very nicely they have set the table, and got everything ready for their father and mother."

John smiled, and laid a large hand on each little head.

"Well, but it is nice to do anythin' for you or our missis. You allus look so kind, and you are so good to us," said Tag, bending over the pot of potatoes which Rag was boiling on the fire.

"They're just on the point of finishing their biling Get me a plate, Tag," said his sister, bending under the weight of the large pan, as she lifted it off; "they're ready for dishing up."

"Are they though!" asked Tag, seizing one in his fingers. "Oh! but it burns," he added, as he let it fall quickly and began shaking his hand ruefully. "Mind, Tag, niver you try a tater in that way to see if it's biled enough; it hurts a'most as much as a blow from 'the dreadfuls'."

"A lesson for you, my boy," remarked John, who had been quietly watching the scene, "not to touch things we are going to eat, with your fingers; another time take a fork."

"I'll 'member, master," answered Tag, gravely.

"Ah! but not so much because it has hurt you as because we don't care to eat what you have been rolling about in your hands, and rather black hands too; go and make them quite clean before sitting down to table with us, and Rag the same. Water and soap are both to be found here, and I want you to grow up tidy and careful. Men and women cannot always be rich, but they can be clean, and I agree with the old proverb which tells us, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'."

In a few moments the children came back with well-polished faces and clean hands, with which John could find no fault; and after saying grace, they all sat down to dinner.

It had taken Mr. and Mrs. Burton some time to initiate Rag and Tag into the mysteries of using a knife, fork, and spoon; but at last it had been accomplished, and they looked at each other with honest pride on seeing the children managing as nicely as though they had been accustomed to such luxuries all their lives.

"Now, children," said John, when the great event of the day—dinner—was over, "after you have done all you can in helping to put the things away tidily, come here to me whilst I sit beside the fire a little, and I will tell you something you will be pleased to hear."

"We are ready, quite ready now, master," said Rag and Tag, hurrying back from the little inner kitchen where the washing up and tidying went on.

"Are you?"—and Mrs. Burton rose to look. "You seem to me to have been no time at all—ah! I thought so; that won't do. Everything must be put away properly in its place before you hear what the master has to tell you. We don't like things done by halves, neither the master nor I. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'."

"I don't quite understand all that," whispered Tag to Rag; "but let's make haste and do everything well, for I'm werry partickler anxious to hear what they have to tell us; an' arter all, we should do our bestest for them."

"Yes, they does it for us——"

"And 'One good turn deserves another,' eh?" laughed Mrs. Burton, who had come quietly in and was standing behind them.

"Yes, for certain it does"—and Rag's brown eyes looked up full of affection into the good woman's face. "But I think we may go now," she added, pleadingly, "and hear the news, for everythin' is tidy."

"A moment's patience. I want you, Tag, just to mount that chair and put this large dish on that top shelf; you are younger and stronger than I am."

Tag was just going to obey when, the outer door opening, John called out quickly, "Wife, wife, come here; here's a friend."

So Mrs. Burton hurried back into the outer room, whilst Tag, his face crimson with passion, exclaiming, "Now we're done out of hearing the news!" threw the large plate down with all his force on the floor, where it fell with a horrible crash, broken into fifty pieces.

Not two seconds passed before Mr. and Mrs. Burton, and the stranger who had been the innocent cause of the catastrophe, came upon the scene. Tag's face was white enough now, and Rag was shaking all over as she knelt down on the floor, whilst she picked up the pieces in the vain hope of sticking them together somehow or other.

"'Twas all by an axiden!" she hastily exclaimed; "his foot slipped, an' he com'd down iver so fast, an' the great stupid thing broke; but we can put it together again, an' it will be as good as iver."

"No," said John, shaking his head, "this can never be put together again, my little lass. How did it happen, Tag? *Was* it an accident? Tell the truth, my lad."

But Tag made no answer.

"It's my best dish," interrupted Mrs. Burton, angrily; "but I really thought I could trust the boy. You are both old enough and strong enough to help in a little matter like putting a dish on a shelf, without going and having such an accident. I'm very vexed, Tag, very; you shall have no tea to-night for your carelessness."

"*Was* it carelessness, Tag?" asked John again; "I mean, *was* it an accident?" and he looked the boy steadily in the face. "Come, tell the truth like a man."

(To be Continued.)

The Family Circle.

HUMAN NATURE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see,
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and grey, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To their dear little pets—their treasure-trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see;
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie—*her rabbit's dead!*"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm so sorry for Charlie—*his rabbit's dead!*"

"MISS HANNAH'S BOY."—A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY M. H. ROWLAND.

It was a cold, dark afternoon, and Miss Hannah Reed drew her shawl more closely around her as she came down the schoolhouse steps. She was a teacher in the public school, and since her father's death, had found urgent need for all that she could earn. Miss Hannah's strength was not great, and her work pressed heavily, so that often when night came she was too tired to even read.

The day had been a trying one, and Miss Hannah felt unusually weary; the Sunday before, she had given up her Sunday-school class, because her week's teaching generally ended in a severe headache. Thinking over this fact, Miss Hannah gave an audible sigh, and said half-aloud:

"Well, well, there is no use in my trying to do anything but earn a living; I have time and strength for nothing else."

At this moment she found herself opposite a locksmith's shop, and remembering that she wanted a key altered, entered the shop. The master was out, but a pale, not very attractive-looking boy sat at work, and he said that she could have the key by the next day. As Miss Hannah turned to leave, a weary look in the boy's face caught her eye, and she said in a kindly way:

"Do you like this work, my lad?"

The boy looked up surprised, but seeing a look of interest in her face, said timidly: "I like it pretty well, ma'am, but I get awfully tired; I ain't used to be shut up so much."

"What have you been used to do?" said Miss Hannah.

"I lived on a farm," said the boy; "but father didn't need us all to help him, so he said I had better come to the city, and I found this place.

"Do you make enough to live on?"

"I only get about enough to pay my board, and have very little left."

"Where do you board?"

"Not far from here; there are six other fellows board in the house."

"What do you do in the evening? Do you sit with your landlady?"

"*She* don't often sit anywhere, I guess, for she's working most of the time, and we don't say much to her, except when we pay our bills. When I can earn an extra fifty cents, I go to the minstrels; it's right jolly there."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"No ma'am, I don't know much about the churches, and my clothes are not good enough to go."

"Do you ever read?"

"Not much; there are not many books at our house; one fellow takes a New York paper, and he lends me that sometimes."

It was getting late, and Miss Hannah, after learning the boy's name was Joseph Steele, said pleasantly: "Well, Joseph, we have had quite a talk, haven't we?"

Then she went home; but as she walked along two voices seemed to be speaking to her; one voice said: "Here is a friendless boy with no good influences around him; can you not help him a little?" The other said: "I wouldn't trouble myself about him; you have enough to do." The first voice must have been the strongest, for the next day when Miss Hannah stopped for the key, she said to Joe:

"Wouldn't you like to go to Sunday-school with me next Sunday?"

Joe looked reflective and said: "I don't care much about it, but if you want me to, I will."

"I would like to have you go once, and see how you like it," said Miss Hannah; "and if you will call for me at 2 o'clock next Sunday, we will go together."

When Sunday came, Miss Hannah had a dull headache, and almost hoped that Joe would not appear, but, as the clock struck, he came, looking quite clean and neat, and they soon reached the school. The room was a very attractive place, and Joe gazed curiously around. The superintendent shook hands with him very kindly, and then placed him in the class of a very earnest, faithful teacher. After school, Miss Hannah found a chance to tell Joe's teacher a few facts about his new scholar, and then she walked some distance with Joe, and was delighted to hear him say that "he liked that teacher first rate, and he meant to come next Sunday."

This was the beginning of new things for Joe. Miss Hannah never did anything by halves, and her interest in the boy did not wane. In a few weeks she was rejoiced to discover Joe Steele, dressed in a new coat, sitting in the church gallery. He smiled as he caught her eye, and after church he told her that his teacher had helped him to get the coat, and to please him he had come to church. Before long, the good teacher invited his whole class to spend the evening with him. Joe told Miss Hannah that "it was the best evening he ever spent;" he said that "they had nuts and candy and oranges, and they looked at pictures, and the teacher's sister played on the piano, and the boys hardly wanted to go home when the time came."

A good many times Miss Hannah purposely passed the little shop, so that she might give a kindly nod to Joe as he worked, and it always seemed to Joe that he could work better after she passed by. Another ill-fitting key took Miss Hannah again to the shop, and this time she invited Joe to come and see her some evening; and Joe ventured to call, a little scared at first, but greatly pleased. Miss Hannah showed him the pretty things in her parlor, and exerted all her tact to draw him out. She was pleased to hear him speak quite intelligently of his farm life, and, after showing him her stereoscope and treating him to red apples, it was time to go. Joe remarked that he had enjoyed himself wonderfully, and then Miss Hannah loaned him an interesting book, and, after promising to come again, Joe took his departure.

Miss Hannah felt very tired when her guest had gone, but to the boy the evening had been worth more than gold. The thought that any one in the great city cared anything about him was a powerful stimulant to his better nature. The contact with a refined, educated lady had given him a glimpse of a different life from that which he had known. Henceforth "Miss Hannah" became a synonym for all that was good and wise in the eyes of Joe.

The Reed household began to be interested in Joe, and they fell into a fashion of calling him "Hannah's boy." Even Mrs. Simmons, the old lady in the next house, became interested in him, and, when he passed her window, she would nod at him, and say: "There comes 'Miss Hannah's boy;' what a deal of pains she does for that lad; well, well, it may do him good," and then her thoughts would wander to her own boy far away, and she hoped that somebody might care for him.

One day Miss Hannah met Joe coming out of a beer saloon, and as she came up, he looked a little confused. "Why, Joe," she said, "do you need to drink beer?" Joe said that "he generally got very thirsty by noon, and liked to take one glass, and did not see any harm in that." "But Joe," said Miss Hannah, "many who begin by going to a saloon for beer, end by taking something stronger, and I would be glad if you never went into a saloon again." Joe looked very grave as she passed on; but he told her afterwards that he was not going to the saloon any more.

As time passed on, a gradual change was visible in the locksmith's boy. Joe's coat was neatly brushed; his hair was smooth, and both language and manner changed for the better. Potent influences were at work, and there came a look of intelligence and resolution into his face which it did one good to see. Some time after this, the locksmith had to give up his shop, and Joe was without work; but his Sunday-school teacher succeeded in finding a situation for him in the large store in which he himself was employed, and Joe was greatly pleased. Miss Hannah was delighted at this good fortune, and, though she saw Joe much less frequently after this, she knew that he was going steadily on, winning the good opinion of his employers. When she met Joe, the pleased look in his face showed that she was still a dearly valued friend.

Two years have slipped away; and if you had been in Dr. G——'s church last Sunday, you would have seen a pleasant sight. Six young men walked up the aisle and took their stand as true servants of God. Among them, with gentlemanly bearing and reverent face, stood "Miss Hannah's boy." Could that young Christian soldier be indeed the same boy? Yes, for in her pew sat Miss Hannah, and, as she looked at him, a sacred joy shone in her face. The good teacher was also there, and as he and Miss Hannah shook hands with Joseph Steele after church, there was a light on their faces akin to that which the angels wear when a soul is delivered from sin.

Miss Hannah Reed is still teaching, and is often weary, but in the better country her rest will be sweet, and to her the Master will say: "Inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these, you did it unto Me." Are there not many in our great cities who, like Miss Hannah Reed, might help one boy or one girl to a better life?—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE MILLER'S MAID.

Near the hamlet of Udorf, on the banks of the Rhine, not far from Bonn, there yet stands the mill which was the scene of the following adventure:

One Sunday morning the miller and his family set out as usual to attend service at the nearest church in the village of Heasel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling-house was attached, in charge of his servant-maid Hanchen, a bold-hearted girl, who had been some time in his service. The youngest child, who was still too little to go to church, remained also under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Botteler. He was an idle, graceless fellow, and her master, who knew his character well, had forbidden him the house; but Hanchen, could not believe all the stories she heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. On this occasion she greeted him kindly, and not only got him something to eat at once, but found time in the midst of her business to sit down and have a gossip with him, while he did justice to the fare set before him. As he was eating he let fall his knife, which he asked her to pick up for him; she playfully remonstrated, telling him she feared, he did little enough work, and ought at least from all she heard, to wait upon himself. In the end, however, she stooped down to pick up the knife, when the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming; then, with an oath, he desired her to tell him where her master kept his money, threatening to kill her if she did not comply with his demand. The surprised and terrified girl in vain attempted to parley with him: he still held her tightly in his choking grasp, leaving her no other choice but to die, or betray her master. She saw there was no hope of softening him, or changing his purpose, and, with a full conviction of his treachery, all her native courage woke in her bosom. Affecting, however, to yield to what was inevitable, she answered him in a resigned tone, that what must be, must; only, if he carried off her master's gold, he must take her with him too; for she could never stay to bear their suspicions and reproaches, entreating him at the same time to relax his grasp of her throat, for she could hardly speak, much less do what he bid her, while he held her so tight. At length he was induced to quit his hold, on her reminding him that he must lose no time, or the family would be returning from church. She then led the way to her master's bedroom, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money. "Here," she said, reaching to him an axe which lay in a corner of the room, "you can open it with this, while I run up stairs to put all my things together, besides the money I have saved since I have been here."

Completely deceived by her apparent readiness to enter into his plans, he allowed her to leave the room, only exhorting her to be as quick as possible, and was immediately absorbed in his own operations, first opening the box, and then disposing of the money about his person. In the meanwhile, Hanchen, instead of going up stairs to her own room, crept softly along several passages, till she again reached her master's chamber. It was the work of a moment to shut and bolt the door upon him; and this done, she rushed out to the outer door of the mill to give the alarm. The only being in sight was her master's little boy, a child of five years old; to him she called with all her might, "Run! run to meet your father as he comes from church; tell him we shall all be murdered if he does not come back!" The frightened child did as she bid him, and set off running on the road she pointed out.

Somewhat relieved by seeing that the child understood her, and would make her case known, she sank down for a moment on the stone-seat before the door, and, full of conflicting emotions of grief and thankfulness for her escape, she burst into tears. But at this moment a shrill whistle aroused her attention it was from her prisoner Heinrich, who, opening the grated window above her head, shouted to some accomplice without, to catch the child that was running away so fast, and to kill the girl. Hanchen looked round in great alarm, but saw no one. The child still continued to run with all his might, and she hoped that it was but a false alarm to excite her fear and overcome her resolution; when, just as the child reached a hollow in the next field, (the channel of a natural drain), she saw a ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and snatching up the child in his arms, hasten with him towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived the full extent of her danger, and formed her plan for escaping it.

Retreating into the mill, she double locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance into the building, every other means of obvious access being prevented by strong iron gratings fixed up against all the windows—and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to await patiently her master's return and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if, indeed, inevitable; for she was fully resolved to enter into no terms, and that nothing should induce her to give up her master's property into the robbers' hands. She had hardly had time to secure herself in her retreat, when the ruffian, holding the screaming child in his arms, and brandishing a knife in one hand, came up and bid her open the door, or he would break it down, adding many awful oaths and threats; at which her only answer was, that she put her trust in God. Heinrich, who from his window was witness of this colloquy, now called out to cut the child's throat before her eyes, if she still persisted in her refusal. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at this horrible threat; for a moment her resolution failed, but only for a moment. The death of the child could be no gain to them, while her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant; and her master, too, would be robbed. She had no reason either to suppose that her compliance would save the life of the child. It was to risk all against nothing; and she resolved to hold out to the last, though the villain from without renewed his threats, saying that if she would not open the door to him he would kill the child, and then set fire to the mill over her head. "I put my trust in God," was still the poor girl's answer.

In the meanwhile, the ruffian set down the child for a moment, to look about for combustibles to carry out his threat; in his search he discovered a mode of entering the mill unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel, and the other machinery of the mill; and it was a point entirely unprotected, for it had never been contemplated that any one would seek to enter by so dangerous an inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he returned to the poor child, to tie the hands and feet of the child, to prevent its escape, and then stole back to the aperture, by which he intended to effect an entrance. The situation of the building prevented Hanchen from seeing anything of this; but a thought had meanwhile struck her. It was Sunday, when the mill was never at work; if, therefore, the sails were seen in motion, the whole neighborhood would know that something unusual was the matter; and her master, especially would hasten home to know the meaning of anything so strange.

Being all her life accustomed to the machinery of the mill, it was the work of a moment to set it all in motion; a brisk breeze which sprung up at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as the machinery came into action; the mill was in full operation. It was at this moment that the ruffian intruder had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting himself safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable, when he began to be whirl-

ed about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from this perilous situation, were fruitless. In his terror, he uttered shrieks and horrible imprecations. Astonished at the noise, Hanchen ran to the spot, and saw him caught like a rat in his own trap, from which it was no part of her plan to liberate him. She knew he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison, without any rash attempt at escape; and that, even if he became insensible, he could not fall out of it.

In the meantime the wheel went round and round with its steady, unceasing motion; and round and round he went with it, while sense remained, beseeching Hanchen with entreaties, promises, and wild impotent threats, which were all equally disregarded, till by degrees feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no one. He fell senseless at the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round as before; for Hanchen did not dare trust appearances in such a villain, and would not venture to suspend the working of the mill, or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

At length she heard a loud knocking at the door, and flew to open it. Its was her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbors, all in the utmost excitement and wonder at seeing the mill-sails in full swing on a Sunday, and still more when they had found the poor child lying bound upon the grass, who, however, was too terrified to give them any account of what had happened. Hanchen, in a few words, told all, and then her spirit, which had sustained her through such scenes of terror, gave way under the sense of safety and relief, and she fell fainting into their arms, and was with much difficulty recovered. The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged from his dreadful prison. Heinrich, too, was brought forth from the miller's chamber, and both were, in a short time, sent bound, under a strong escort, to Bonn, where they soon after met the reward of their crimes.

The story of this extraordinary act of presence of mind concludes by telling us that Hanchen, thus effectually cured of her *penchant* for her unworthy suitor, became, eventually, the wife of the miller's eldest son, and thus lived all her life on the scene of her imminent danger and happy deliverance.—*Chambers' Journal.*

TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The following incident is from a book by the Rev. W. C. Holden, for 36 years a missionary in South Africa:

We had two bullock wagons, with spans of twelve oxen each; the one to live in, the other to carry our baggage. When we had proceeded about two days from Cradock, we had to ascend a lofty mountain, the path up which was execrable. Rain came on, so that after one travelling wagon had been dragged up the mountain, the other wagon could not be got up, although both spans of oxen were put on. Thus the wagons were separated, one remaining at the bottom of the mountain, the other at the top. The rain continued for three days, during which time nothing could be done. This is the sort of thing to try the temper and courage of a lady. Shut up in a tent wagon with three little children for three days, having no house to take refuge in; the wind and rain beat pitilessly and unceasingly upon us whilst on the mountain summit; the wearing apparel and bed-clothes getting wet; the children fretting and crying because they cannot get out, despite Mr. Wesley's philosophy, and Mrs. Wesley's too; the poor ox-leader having no wood to make a fire to cook the food, and the cow-dung which he uses as a substitute being wet and unwilling to burn; the food uncooked, or, if cooked at all, too smoked and badly served up, with everything so wet and sticky that you can hardly eat it when it does make its appearance; and all this for three days—this is part of a romance of missions.

In the midst of these charming scenes we beheld a troop of baboons descend from the lofty peak of an adjoining mountain. This troop was led on in single file by a gentleman who walked as stately as a baboon-king; his lofty bearing was that of one "having authority." They advanced steadily towards the wagon, and assumed a threatening aspect: had they attacked us in our defenceless position, they could have torn us to pieces quickly. This was a time for prayer as well as confidence. Baboons are very well in their own wild haunts or when confined in a cage, but are by no means agreeable foes when a man and his family are at their caprice or mercy. But a gracious Providence interposed. After advancing some distance towards us, the baboon army turned aside into a bushy ravine close by. I have always found that if you can fix your gaze steadily upon the eye of a wild beast or a savage man, he cannot bear the cool, steady look of the human eye. The probability is, that had we manifested fear or attempted to molest them, the consequences would have been serious; but I stood on the wagon unmoved, with my eye fixed upon them, until they turned aside, and we were safe.

THE SABBATH AND SECULARISM.

BY WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D. D.

I have no need, surely, to say a single word on the value of the Sabbath. Even physically regarded it brings a welcome rest to the wearied frame of man. It is God's breakwater erected between the workingman and the exactions of mammon. It secures for him a period of repose during which his body may regain its elasticity and his mind its tone. It gives him the opportunity for thought, and prevents him from sinking to the level of the machinery which he superintends or the gin-horse which he drives. Every philanthropist, therefore, must rejoice in the securing for his fellow-men of one day in seven, during which all "the mighty heart" of labor is "lying still."

But it is just as valuable for those who work with brain as for those who toil with muscle; and our merchants and men of commerce, so many of whom, even *with* the Sabbath, are breaking down under the strain and pressure of business life, ought to value as beyond all price the weekly relief which it brings. It is an oasis in the journey of life—an Elim where we may rest awhile beneath the shadow of the palm-trees and drink of the water which bubbles from the fountains at our feet. It is like that seat on the Highland hill, erected for the accommodation of the weary climber, and over which the words are inscribed, "Rest and be thankful." It is the one surviving relic of the paradise of the past, and the constantly recurring prophecy of the paradise of the future; and no greater calamity could befall our land than that which would be caused by its abolition.

Yet even these physical and intellectual benefits of the Sabbath can be conserved only by maintaining its sanctity. If it ceases to be kept as a holy day it will not long continue to be even a holiday. Mammon is mightier than pleasure; and in the conflict between the two mammon will carry the day. Hence, they are the worst advisers of the working-classes who seek to persuade them that the Sabbath is for amusement merely. God has claimed it for his own, just that he might keep it all the more securely for men; and when it is no longer regarded as a day of worship, it will by-and-by degenerate into a day of toil indistinguishable from the others.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

That is a very great Scripture, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." Too frequently we read it wrong. I read it thus for many years. I was wont to read it, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your *fight*." It is not fight, however, which overcomes, but faith. It was thus I discovered the real meaning of the Scripture:

It was one wintry day. The ground was snow-covered. I was passing along the street. My child, a little girl, was coasting with her sled. Some rude boys seized her sled. She had been in tussle with them. She could do nothing with the boys of herself; they were too much for her. Just then she saw me coming round the corner. Immediately she left the boys, sled, everything, and ran to me. "Papa said she, I want my sled." Then she was quite sure that she possessed it, because she knew that I was mightier than the boys, and could get it for her, and would. That was the victory which overcame the world of that childish trouble—even her faith. She put the whole matter in my hands, and by her faith in me was conqueror.

Since then I have read this Scripture as it stands. The victory that overcometh is that of faith. Toward the temptations, toward the trials, toward the troubles of our lives, we are as helpless in ourselves as my little daughter toward the boys who had seized her toy. Toward the temptations, toward the troubles, toward the trials of our lives, we may be as conquering as was my little daughter toward those boys. It is not needful that we be vanquished Christians. There is for us infinite resource. It is faith, however, that unlocks it, and not fight. Carry your pain or peril to the Lord, in the same definite, actual way in which my child carried her captured sled to me, and the might of Christ is pledged you. This is the secret of victorious Christian living. It was Paul's secret. "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."—*Christian Union.*

—"Thou shalt not be found out," is not one of God's commandments, and no man can be saved by trying to keep it.—*Dr. Leonard Bacon.*

FIFTY CENTS PLEASE.

A missionary made three unsuccessful efforts to establish a Sunday-school at a certain point in the North-West, where there never had been any religious service of any kind. Not discouraged, he made a *fourth* attempt. The leading man in the community told him he might as well see what he could do, adding: "The thing will soon die, but we will get rid of you."

The attempt was made. Quite a number came "to see what sort of a thing it was." A few Sabbaths after, the missionary found "the house full," and the man who had been the most violent opposer of the organization of the school was teaching a Bible class. At this same place too was found an example of the spirit of liberal giving. The seven-year-old daughter of the missionary's host said on Sunday morning, "Papa, this is collection day, will you please give me some money?"

"How much do you want?"

"Fifty cents."

"Why! is not that too much for one time?"

"Oh, no; not too much to give to Jesus!" was the answer.

The gift of several cartloads of books, no matter how good, would not have organized that school without the aid of the skilled Sunday-school missionary.—*S. S. World.*

When Help is Needed.—Now we affirm from long experience in teaching that the very time when pupils most need the aid of a skilful teacher, and when such a teacher can render the most effective aid, is in the first study of lessons rather than in their recitation. We can also affirm that an hour spent with a class in carefully going over a lesson, before the pupils have taken it in hand, will do more for their good than many hours of study spent in the usual way. By this means, the attention and interest of pupils are thoroughly engaged; study becomes a pleasure; the lessons are more correctly learned; better habits of study are formed; and, more than all, bad habits of mental application are prevented. Let it be observed, we do not propose to take the labor of lesson-learning entirely out of the hands of the pupil; that is, to make him a mere passive recipient; but to show him how to apply his mind in the study of lessons—how to analyze the subject—and how to remove the obstacles which lie in his path. We would do more than merely cultivate the memory. We would wake up the mind, and train the pupil to fix his attention, and concentrate his thoughts upon a single subject. We would cultivate in each pupil the all-important habits of careful observation, of searching analysis, of close reasoning and of independent thinking. In other words, we would call into active exercise those powers which are apt to lie dormant from never learning how to use them. This, indeed, is education in the proper sense of the term, but what in too many cases is never acquired, even after years spent in school.—*Christian Weekly.*

Small Courtesies.—Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance. A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of $20,000 and a comfortable house left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage. A gentleman known to the writer, once assisted a very old and feeble man, to cross from London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid-day, when the city is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays and other ponderous vehicles. When the old gentleman had got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend; and there the matter rested. Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of $5000 and a gold watch and chain had been left to him by a gentleman, who "took the opportunity of again thanking him in his will for an act of unlooked for civility." It is not likely that all will have gold watches and chains left to them, or neat little bundles of crisp notes; but it is certain that acts of civility are productive of sufficient results to our inner selves as to make it worth our while to practice them whenever we have the opportunity.—*Household Words.*

Father and Mother.—"Father" and "Mother;" these noble and darling names are consecrated by Scripture, and embalmed in our rich English store of poetry and of prose. And therefore every lover of the pathos and the power which they contain—every reverer of the associations which they enshrine, should become as it were a member of a great society for preserving them from the encroachments and inroads of those contemptible and trivial appellations which are more and more gaining ground upon these stately and tender words, and, by degrees, banishing them to boors, exiles from the language of our homes. And is not the lightness of speech which obtains in our day, concerning the venerable relations of parent and child, partly the cause, and partly also the effect, of those frivolous words which are now, even in the homes of the poor, gradually ousting the graver diction of a less flippant age, and taking the place of the beautiful names which combine in themselves both affection and reverence?—two things which, in the most intimate relations of life, should never be divorced; and yet this is done in the case of some of the names which, though sometimes expressing endearment, yet studiously avoid respect.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—It might be a perfect stone in the wall, or a perfect touch of color in the picture, but no architect would be willing you should get your impression of his house from one of its stones; no painter would rest the effect of a picture on a single stroke of the brush. No one of us wishes to be judged by what we are or say in any one mood, or hour, no matter if it be our best one. So in Bible study. It is right to get all there really is in any single text. We do not get that, however, unless we take it in connection with other texts—unless we study the single stone in its relation to the rest of the stones in the house, the single touch of color as a part of the whole picture, the single remark in the interpretation of the general life. In this weekly study of the Bible, it is a good thing, sometimes, to go through a whole epistle or gospel, or other book, at a sitting. It is a grand thing to get adrift on the broad current of revelation, where the reflow, and ripples, and eddies of isolated texts will not mislead us. There never was an error so mischievous or monstrous but that it could drag some text to its defense. That opinion or practice which is of the atmosphere and spirit that pervades the whole Bible can be trusted, and that alone.—*S. S. Times.*

THE SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

We have reason to believe that a great deal of labor was expended upon the Scripture Enigmas that appeared in the Messenger last year, although only a few sent in the answers at the close of the year. None of the lists, however, were quite complete, and we have waited a considerable time to see if any more were forthcoming. The following are the answers received: A. G. Ross, of Thompson, N. S., sent in 29 correct answers out of the thirty-three required. Miss Emiline Watt, of Hazelden, Ont., has answered 22, and gives on her paper the entire working out of each enigma with the references very neatly printed. Miss Lena Sutherland of Ingersoll, Ont., gives the answers to 20, also written out in full; in both these last papers, as might be expected, there are a number of errors and omissions in the working of the enigma, although the final answers are generally correct. Miss J. G. McLaren, of Rogersville, Ont., sent in several correct answers in the course of the year.

The following is the complete list of answers, and we hope in the next number of the Messenger to commence a new set of Bible Questions:

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

No. 1.—The stone which slew Goliath.
No. 2.—"Lord save us; we perish." Matt. 8: 25.
No. 3.—Elimelech—Bethlehem. Ruth 1: 11.
No. 4.—Genesis—Numbers.
No. 5.—"The Dayspring." Luke 1: 78.
No. 6.—"Increase our Faith." Luke 17: 5.
No. 7.—Jonathan—Abiathar? 2 Sam. 15: 36.
No. 8.—"Come unto me." Matt. 11: 28.
No. 9.—"Prince of Peace." Isa. 9: 6.
No. 10.—"The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee." Num. 6: 24.
No. 11.—Zeruiah—Abigail. 2 Chron. 2: 16-17.
No. 12.—Jericho—Samaria. Josh. 6: 25; 1 Kings 16: 24-28.
No. 13.—"Counsellor." Isa. 9: 6.
No. 14.—"Love your Enemies." Matt. 5: 44.
No. 15.—"Thou God Seest Me." Gen. 16: 3.
No. 16.—Babel, Abel, Bel. El.
No. 17—"Sin is the Transgression of the Law." 1 John: 3,4.
No. 18.—"Cease ye from Man." Isa. 2: 22.
No. 19—"I go to Prepare a Place for you. Jno. 14: 2
No. 20.—Jawbone. Jud. 15: 15-17.
No. 21.—Paradise.
No. 22.—Cornelius—Centurion.
No. 23.—Lamb. Jno. 1: 29.
No. 24.—Faith, Hope, Charity. 1 Cor. 13: 13.
No. 25.—"Love not the World." 1 Jno. 2: 15.
No. 26.—Watchman. Psa. 127: 1.
No. 27.—"The Mount of Olives." Luke 22: 39.
No. 28.—"Be not faithless." Jno. 20: 27.
No. 29.—Haman. Esth. 6: 11.
No. 30.—Jesus.
No. 31.—Love.
No. 32.—"Love as Brethren." 1 Pet. 3: 8.
No. 33.—Vine. Jno. 15: 5.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XI.

MARCH 17.]

HEZEKIAH AND THE ASSYRIANS. [About 702 B. C.].

READ 2 Chron. 32: 9-21. RECITE vs. 19-21.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Chron. 32: 9-21. *T.*—2 Chron. 32: 1-8. *W.*—2 Kings 18: 13-22. *Th.*—Ps. 27. *F.*—Dan. 3: 16-25. *Sa.*—2 Kings 19: 20-35. *S.*—Isa. 36.

GOLDEN TEXT.—With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles.—2 Chron. 32: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God is the refuge of his people.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Hezekiah offered solemn sacrifices; held a solemn passover; continued to put down idolatry; was delivered from death and fifteen years added to his life; paid tribute to Assyria; again attacked by Assyria; delivered by the angel, who slew 185,000 Assyrians.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that a deliverance from Assyria seemed almost impossible in the eyes of man, but how easy it was for God to send it!

NOTES.—*Sen-nach'-e-rib* or *Sen na-che'-rib*, son and successor of Sargon, king of Assyria; reigned 22 years (702-680 B. C.). In the 3rd year of his reign he conquered Phœnician cities; was victorious in Egypt; made Judah pay tribute; built a grand palace at Kouyunjik (Nineveh); was the greatest of Assyrian kings; fled from before Jerusalem; was slain by his two sons while worshipping Nisroch, his god. *La'-chish*, city of the Amorites, its king defeated by Joshua, Josh. 10: 26-33; fortified by Rehoboam, 2 Chron. 11: 9; the refuge of Amaziah, 2 Kings 14: 19; captured by Sennacherib, according to Assyrian records; now in ruins and called *Um-Lakis*. The ruins are about fifteen miles eastward of Gaza. *As-syr'-i-a*, *Hez-e-ki-ah*.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE ASSYRIANS' ATTACK. (II.) THE ASSYRIANS' THREATS. (III.) THE ASSYRIANS' DESTRUCTION.

I. THE ASSYRIANS' ATTACK. (9.) SENNACHERIB, see Notes; HIS SERVANTS, probably three of his generals. See 2 Kings 18: 17. (10.) ABIDE IN THE SIEGE, or "stronghold," and do not surrender to the Assyrians. (11.) TO DIE BY FAMINE, etc., as the Assyrians expected they would; OUR GOD SHALL DELIVER US. See Isa. 36: 14, 15. (12.) HEZEKIAH TAKEN AWAY HIS HIGH PLACES, a false suggestion of the Assyrian; the high places were for idolatrous, and not for Jehovah's worship; YE . . . WORSHIP . . . ONE ALTAR, so God had commanded. Deut. 12: 13, 14.

1. QUESTIONS.—Give the title of the last lesson. Of this lesson. State the chief facts in the Connected History. What had Hezekiah given Sennacherib? What cities had the king of Assyria attacked? v. 1. What city was he now besieging? v. 9. Whom did he send to Jerusalem? How many of his servants? 2 Kings 18: 17. Their first question to Hezekiah? v. 10. Who had besieged Jerusalem? v. 2. Near what city was the king himself? v. 9. How did he say the people of Jerusalem would die? In what way did Hezekiah expect deliverance? Why did the Assyrian servants say the Lord would not deliver him? How was their charge false?

II. THE ASSYRIANS' THREAT. (13.) I AND MY FATHERS, Sennacherib, Sargon, and Tilgath-pileser, etc., see 2 Kings 15: 29; 18: 13; GODS OF THE NATIONS . . . ABLE TO DELIVER, the Assyrians thought that as Egypt and other nations were greater than Judah, so their gods must be greater than Judah's God; these other nations had been conquered by Assyria, and therefore they thought that Judah's God could not deliver it. (14.) MY FATHERS UTTERLY DESTROYED, Isa. 10: 5-12. (15.) LET NOT HEZEKIAH DECEIVE YOU, to think that God will deliver you. (17.) TO RAIL ON, to revile, 2 Kings 19: 10-13; Isa. 37: 9-13. (18.) IN THE JEWS' SPEECH, the Assyrian servants could speak the Hebrew language as well as their own, or at least Rabshakeh, the chief speaker, could; TO AFFRIGHT THEM, so as to make them surrender the city. (19.) GOD OF JERUSALEM . . . GODS OF THE PEOPLE, they spoke in derision of both alike.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did the king of Assyria boast that he and his fathers had done? Who were not able to deliver those other lands? Why were they not able? What became of those nations? v. 14. Who would be unable, therefore, to deliver Jerusalem? How did the king of Assyria further threaten Jerusalem? What did he do in his letters? The meaning of "to rail on"? In what language did his messengers speak? Who heard them? Why did they use the Hebrew language? Against what God did they speak? Among what false gods did they place him?

III. THE ASSYRIANS' DESTRUCTION. (20.) FOR THIS CAUSE, because of these threats; HEZEKIAH . . . AND . . . ISAIAH . . . PRAYED, for the prayer of Hezekiah see Isa 37: 15-20; for the answer by the prophet see Isa. 37: 21-35. (21.) THE LORD SENT AN ANGEL, so he once destroyed Judah, 2 Sam. 24: 16; see also Ps 18: 50; Dan. 3: 28; 6: 22; CUT OFF ALL THE MIGHTY MEN, etc., see 2 Kings 19: 35; RETURNED WITH SHAME, because of his defeat; THE HOUSE OF HIS GOD, the idol Nisroch (see picture); THEY THAT CAME FORTH, etc., his two sons, Adrammelech and Sharezer, 2 Kings 19: 37; SLEW HIM, with the sword, or literally "made him to fall."

III. QUESTIONS.—For what prophet did Hezekiah send? What did they two do? For what did Hezekiah pray? Where is his prayer recorded? In what other place? By whom did the Lord send an answer? Where is the answer recorded? Who was sent of the Lord to destroy the Assyrians? How many were slain? When did the slaughter take place? 2 Kings 19: 35. With what feelings did Sennacherib return to Assyria? Who slew him? Where? While he was doing what?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The foolishness of pride in those who are strong?

(2.) That it is unwise to boast of our strength?

(3.) That it is safe to continue to trust God while others are deriding us for it?

(4.) That God can deliver us in most unexpected ways?

ILLUSTRATION.—*The Assyrians' Destruction.*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed.
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still. . . .

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow at the glance of the Lord.
—*Lord Byron.*

NISROCH.
[From Assyrian Monuments.]

LESSON XII.

MARCH 24.]

MANASSEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE. [About 677-667 B. C.]

READ 2 Chron. 33: 9-16. RECITE vs. 12, 13.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Chron. 33: 9-16. *T.*—2 Kings 21: 1-9. *W.*—Psalm 107: 10-22. *Th.*—Job 36: 5-19. *F.*—Ezra 8: 21-30. *Sa.*—Matt. 3: 1-12. *S.*—Luke 15: 11-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent.—Rev. 3: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Afflictions should lead to repentance.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Hezekiah received many gifts and presents; was honored at his death; succeeded by his son Manasseh, who became king at 12, and reigned 55 years (698-642 B. C.); he was wicked; restored Baal-worship; caused his children to pass through the fire; used witchcraft; was punished by being carried captive to Babylon, where he repented.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Contrast the conduct of Manasseh when in distress with the greater wickedness of Ahaz under similar trials, and learn how we should conduct ourselves in times of trouble.

NOTES.—*Ma-nas'-seh*, 14th ruler of Judah, and son of Hezekiah; became king at 12; reigned 55 years (698-642 B. C.); forsook his father's righteous ways; followed idolatry; was taken captive to Babylon; repented; was restored to his kingdom; put away some of his idolatries; restored the worship of the Lord. [Lange says that the Assyrian monuments place his captivity in Babion about 647 B.C., while Assurbanipal or Sardanapalus was king; but Jewish tradition places it in the 22nd year of Manasseh's reign, and while Esarhaddon was king of Assyria. Tradition says that Manasseh condemned the prophet Isaiah to be sawn asunder.] *Bab'-y-lon*, a great capital of the Chaldean kingdom, on the Euphrates. For 600 years Babylon was alternately free from Assyria and ruled by it; became the residence of the Assyrian kings about 680 B.C.; destroyed Nineveh about 625 B.C.; was overthrown by the Medes and Persians about 538 B.C. Two Assyrian inscriptions refer to Manasseh of Judah as a vassal or captive—one made by Esarhaddon, who reigned 681-688 B.C., the other made by his successor Assurbanipal, about 648 B.C. *Gi'-hon*, a valley west of Jerusalem, named also Hinnom; had two large pools; the lower now called Pool of the Sultan, though some think it was the Pool of the Bath, or of Hezekiah, near the Jaffa gate. *O'-phel*, "*the tower*;" it is also the name of the southern portion of the hill Moriah, and between the temple area and Siloam. It is now outside the city wall.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) MANASSEH'S SIN. (II.) HIS CAPTIVITY. (III.) HIS RESTORATION.

I. MANASSEH'S SIN. (9.) MADE JUDAH . . . TO ERR, led Judah into sin; DO WORSE THAN THE HEATHEN, to do more evil than the nations God had destroyed, Josh. 24: 8. (10.) LORD SPAKE TO MANASSEH, rebuking him for his sin.

I. QUESTIONS.—How old was Manasseh when he began to reign? How long did he reign? Where? Who was his father? What was Manasseh's character? Name twelve wicked things that he did. Whom did he make to sin with him? What had become of those heathen? Who reproved Manasseh? With what effect?

II. HIS CAPTIVITY. (11.) THE HOST, the army; OF THE KING OF ASSYRIA, see Notes on Babylon; AMONG THE THORNS, "took Manasseh with hooks, and bound him with double chains" *(Keil)*, or "took Manasseh with fetters and bound him with chains" *(Lange)*, or better than the above, "took Manasseh captive with rings" *(Maurer)*; BABYLON, see Notes. (12.) IN AFFLICTION . . . HUMBLED HIMSELF, so did Rehoboam. 2 Chron. 12: 12. (13.) PRAYED UNTO HIM, Manasseh's prayer is given in the Greek version, but is not authentic, see v. 18; WAS ENTREATED OF HIM, listened to his prayer; BROUGHT HIM AGAIN TO JERUSALEM, caused the king of Assyria to release and restore him.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did the Lord bring upon Manasseh and Judah? Who was carried to Babylon? How taken? Give the various supposed meanings of "among the thorns." To what city was Manasseh carried? When did it become the capital of the Assyrian kingdom? Whom did Manasseh seek in captivity? How? Who brought Manasseh again to Jerusalem? Of what was the king then certain?

III. HIS RESTORATION. (14.) CITY OF DAVID, Jerusalem; GIHON, see Notes; FISH GATE, at the north-east corner of the city, Neh. 3: 3; OPHEL, or "the tower," ch. 27: 3, and Neh. 3: 26; possibly it refers to a district of Jerusalem. See Notes. (15.) STRANGE GODS, see v. 3; THE IDOL, etc., see vs. 4, 5. (16.) REPAIRED THE ALTAR, ch. 29: 18; THANK OFFERINGS, Lev. 7, 12.

III. QUESTIONS.—Who had restored Manasseh to his throne? What portion of Jerusalem did he rebuild? What did he raise to a great height? Meaning of Ophel. [A tower.] How did he strengthen other cities? By what acts did he prove that he had repented? v. 15. What offerings did he make? v. 16. What command did he give to Judah?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That a ruler can do great evil?

(2.) That the Lord can punish kings and rulers?

(3.) That God will spare rulers when they repent?

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"PICTON, Feb. 11th, 1878.

"I received the ring all right in a nice little box. It is just the right size and I like it very much. I am very thankful for it, it is so nice.

"P. C."

"PORT PERRY, Feb. 9th, 1878.

"Received the ring with thanks. It is a nicer one than I expected, and some that have seen it think of trying to get one. L. Mc A."

"TORONTO, Feb. 12th, 1878.

"This is to express my thanks to you for the chromos which you sent me, and which I received all right. They are very nice and will make nice ornaments. "W. H. A."

"SIMCOE, Feb. 9th, 1878.

"It is with pleasure that I have to acknowledge the receipt of the chromos which you sent me. I have shown them to a number of my friends, and they all say that the pictures are splendid and at the same time natural.

"W. T."

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"I received your letter and was very much pleased also to receive 'the skates.' They were all right and in splendid condition. I thank you very much for them. I shall try and get some more subscribers for your publications, as I consider the skates worth more than I have done for them. "A. W."

"BERKELEY, Feb. 9th, 1878.

"I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your chromo (Lord Dufferin) which you sent to me for sending one new subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS. We are very much obliged for it, and whatever is in my power to do for the WITNESS I shall do, as it is a faithful upholder of the right. "J. B."

"GOLDEN ISLAND, Feb. 15th, 1878.

"I received the locket, and think it very nice. "D. H. B."

"EDWARDSBURG, Feb. 8th, 1878.

"Please accept my thanks for the beautiful ring which I received yesterday. I will try and get some more subscribers for your papers.

"M. R.

"MALLORYTOWN, Feb. 14th, 1878.

"This comes in answer to your duly received, and to thank you also for the pictures, which I think very much of. I think I shall continue canvassing myself, as I feel very anxious for a greater circulation of the WITNESS publications.

"I. N."

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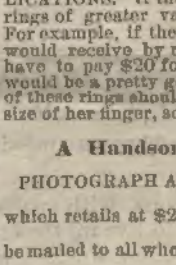

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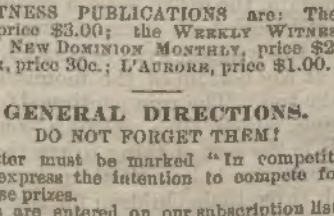

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GOOD HEALTH AND AN EVEN TEMPER ARE two of the best accomplishments young ladies can have, and these are necessary adjuncts to a beautiful face. The marks of a peevish disposition are not long in stamping themselves on any face, naturally the most beautiful. But who can help feeling peevish when ill-health comes? Very few, indeed, more especially when it is entirely unnecessary. A bad cold, if obtained in carrying words of comfort to a sick friend, is endurable; but it is difficult to enjoy one taken through an act of bravado. Just so when young ladies become invalids through obeying the dictates of that fashion which says: "Put on corsets and lace them as tightly as possible," and others of a similar kind, they find that everything has been lost and nothing found. With the growth of the knowledge of the human system, fashion will begin to obey sanitary laws. The publishers of DRESS AND HEALTH have done much to direct public attention in this matter. This little book has met with a cordial reception in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in Canada, and the sixth thousand is now ready for sale. For 30 cents each copies will be sent post free to any address in America.

THIS MAGAZINE (THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY) is rapidly growing in favor with the public. Its articles are well written, and their tone such as to make *the Monthly* a welcome visitor in the family circle.—*The News*, L'Orignal.

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